WOLVERINE®

ORIGINS

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DANIEL WAY STEVE DILLON

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WOLVERINE
ORIGINS

LOGAN. JAMES HOWLETT. WEAPON X. WOLVERINE. A MUTANT WHOSE GIFT IS THE HUNT—AIDED BY AN INDESTRUCTIBLE SKELETON, SAVAGE CLAWS, HEIGHTENED SENSES, AND A HEALING ABILITY CAPABLE OF MIRACLES. BRAINWASHED, TORTURED, AND INJURED BEYOND ANY NORMAL MAN'S ABILITY TO SURVIVE, WOLVERINE HAS NOT JUST ENDURED FOR OVER A HUNDRED YEARS, HE HAS GROWN STRONGER.

BUT LOGAN'S DEEPEST SCARS CUT TO HIS VERY SOUL. ONCE STRIPPED OF HIS MEMORIES BY UNKNOWN FORCES, WOLVERINE POSSESSED ONLY PHANTOM RECOLLECTIONS OF HIS PAST, HAZY IMPRESSIONS OF WHO HE REALLY WAS, WHERE HE HAD COME FROM, AND WHAT HE HAD LOST.

WHEN THOSE MEMORIES SUDDENLY RETURNED TO HIM, HOWEVER, IT WAS BOTH A BLESSING AND A CURSE. WHILE THE PUZZLE OF HIS PAST BEGAN TO TAKE SHAPE, CERTAIN PIECES REMAINED OUT OF FOCUS. PRINCIPAL AMONG THEM: THE IDENTITY—AND WHEREABOUTS—OF THOSE WHO HAD WRONGED HIM.

THUS BEGAN LOGAN'S QUEST. FIRST STOP: THE WHITE HOUSE, WHERE HE CONFRONTED THE SECRETARY OF STATE, A SUSPECTED MOLE FOR THE ORGANIZATION HE WAS TRACKING. THESE SUSPICIONS WERE CONFIRMED BY THE ARRIVAL OF A SHIVA ROBOT, WHICH SILENCED THE SECRETARY BEFORE SHE COULD SPILL ANY SECRETS.

THOUGH WOLVERINE DESTROYED THE ASSASSIN ROBOT WITH A DEFT SWING OF HIS WEAPON, THE MURAMASA BLADE, HIS MISSION TO TRACK DOWN ITS OWNERS HAS HIT A SNAG. HE HAS NO LEADS AND REMAINS UNAWARE OF THE OBSTACLES AHEAD.

NOR DOES LOGAN REALIZE THAT ANOTHER PLAYER HAS STEPPED ONTO THE FIELD. THE ULTIMATE AMERICAN SUPER-SOLDIER, PRIMED AND READY TO BE POINTED AT WHATEVER TARGET IS PLACED IN HIS PATH. NUKE IS READY FOR LOGAN. IS LOGAN READY FOR NUKE?

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WASHINGTON, D.C.

NOW I KNOW I'M JUST A COUNTRY BOY, BUT I AIN'T A *DUMB* COUNTRY BOY.

SO I WANT YOU TO *REPEAT* WHAT YOU JUST TOLD ME...

POLICE - DO NOT

...AN' *THIS* TIME, I WANT IT TO MAKE SOME KINDA *SENSE*, IF YOU DON'T MIND.

MR. PRESIDENT, THAT'S JUST IT...IT *DOESN'T* MAKE SENSE.

BY THE *LOOKS* OF IT, WOLVERINE WASN'T AFTER YOU *OR* THE SECRETARY OF STATE-- *ACTUALLY*, SIR, IN *MY* OPINION, IT LOOKS LIKE HE WAS TRYING TO *PROTECT* HER--

MR. PRESIDENT? IF I *MAY*?

HOLD ON, TREVOR... I WANNA HEAR THIS--

MR. PRESIDENT, WITH ALL DUE RESPECT, WE DON'T HAVE *TIME* TO DECIPHER WOLVERINE'S EXACT INTENTIONS--HIS ACTIONS HAVE TOLD US *EVERYTHING* WE NEED TO KNOW.

EVERY MINUTE THAT WE SPEND WRINGING OUR HANDS IS ANOTHER MINUTE THAT WE'VE GIVEN WOLVERINE TO *PLAN* HIS NEXT ATTACK.

AND THERE *WILL* BE A "NEXT ATTACK," SIR...AND ANOTHER AND ANOTHER UNTIL HE GETS HIS REVENGE.

THAT IS NOT AN "*OPINION*," MR. PRESIDENT...

...THAT IS A *FACT*.

I SHOULDN'T HAVE TO DEAL WITH THIS...THIS ISN'T *MY* PROBLEM.

I *INHERITED* THIS...

YOU INHERITED THE *SOLUTION* AS WELL, SIR.

"SOLUTION"?

MR. PRESIDENT, *WHAT IS HE--?*

I'M NOT GONNA *SIGN* ANYTHING, TREVOR.

YOU DON'T *HAVE* TO, MR. PRESIDENT--YOUR *VERBAL COMMAND* WILL BE SUFFICIENT.

PULL THE TRIGGER.

U.S. EMBASSY; SANTIAGO, CHILE. SUBLEVEL 9.

IS HE READY?

OF COURSE HE'S READY...

...HE'S BEEN "READY" HIS ENTIRE LIFE.

BORN IN BLOOD

part two

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I MEAN, IS HE *PHYSICALLY* READY?

ABSOLUTELY.

LOOK, DO YOU REMEMBER THAT SHOW, "*THE SIX MILLION DOLLAR MAN*"? OKAY, WELL...

...MEET THE *ONE HUNDRED AND THIRTY* MILLION DOLLAR MAN.

WE'VE BEEN FINE-TUNING NUKE'S BODY, ADDING AND UPDATING HIS ONBOARD CYBERNETICS, FOR OVER *TWENTY YEARS.*

HELL, AT THIS POINT, HE'S BARELY *HUMAN* ANYMORE.

LONG STORY SHORT, IF HE ISN'T READY FOR ACTION BY *NOW*, HE'LL *NEVER* BE READY.

I JUST WANT TO RUN ONE LAST DIAGNOSTIC ON HIS *PUMP*...

HIS "*PUMP*"...?

UH, YES...*A REMOTE-CONTROLLED HYDRAULIC PUMP*--YOU SEE, WE DID AWAY WITH THE *PILLS*... THEY WERE CLUMSY. *NOW*, ESSENTIALLY, NUKE HAS *TWO HEARTS:*

ONE THAT PUMPS *BLOOD* AND ONE THAT PUMPS *CONTROL AGENTS INTO* THAT BLOOD.

"*CONTROL*"... YOU MEAN *DRUGS*, RIGHT? THIS IS HOW YOU GET HIM *TUNED UP?*

NO, THIS IS HOW WE *CALM HIM DOWN*...NUKE HAS NEVER NEEDED AMPHETAMINES OR SIMILAR DRUGS TO-- I GUESS YOU'D SAY-- "TUNE HIM UP."

THE *RED PILLS* THAT HE USED TO TAKE? THOSE WERE *PLACEBOS.*

THEN WHAT MAKES HIM... *DO WHAT HE DOES?*

NNNAAAAAAAAHHH!

QUANG NGAI PROVINCE, SOUTH VIETNAM. 1968.

<ENOUGH!>

<IT'S MY TURN.>

NO V.C.

‹OF COURSE HE IS NOT VIETCONG--IS THIS NOT OBVIOUS? WHY IS HE--?›

‹PERHAPS WE SHOULD OBSERVE HIS TECHNIQUE BEFORE ASKING ANY MORE QUES--›

SHHHLIK--!

YYYUUK!

NO V.C.

SIMPSON...MAJOR... SEVEN-SEVEN-ZERO... THREE-ONE--

SHUT UP, FRANK.

YOU DON'T EVEN EXIST.

Y-YOU... KNOW ME...?

OH, YEAH.

I *KNOW* YOU.

BETCHA DON'T REMEMBER *ME*, THOUGH. AN' YOU WON'T AFTER I'M *DONE* WITH YOU, *EITHER.*

HMMPH!

THOSE TWO GUYS OVER THERE? THEY THINK I'M A *RUSSIAN ADVISOR.*

AN' I *AM*... BUT I'M LOTS OF *OTHER* THINGS, *TOO.*

YOU'RE *NOT* LOTS OF OTHER THINGS, FRANK-- YOU'RE *ONE* THING.

AN' SINCE YOUR *MEMORY'S* SO BAD, I'M GONNA GIVE YOU A *REMINDER* TO MAKE SURE YOU DON'T FORGET WHAT THAT ONE THING *IS.*

"NO V.C.," FRANK.

HHMMMM! HRRRMMM!

"NO V.C."

I'VE DONE A LOTTA *BAD THINGS* IN MY LIFE.

MORE THAN *MOST* FOLKS.

BROOKLYN, NEW YORK.

BUT THEN, I'VE *LIVED* A LOT LONGER THAN MOST FOLKS.

NOT AN *EXCUSE*, THOUGH...NEITHER IS THE FACT THAT I WASN'T IN *CONTROL* OF *MY OWN* MIND MOST OF THE TIME.

BECAUSE, NO MATTER WHAT, *I DID THOSE THINGS.*

I DID 'EM *ALL* AN' I DID 'EM *OVER AN' OVER AGAIN...* AN' FOR *THAT*, I'LL BE *ETERNALLY DAMNED.*

BOTH IN *THIS* WORLD AN' THE *NEXT*... IF I EVER *GET* THERE.

THERE OUGHTTA BE AN *ELEVENTH COMMANDMENT--* *"THOU SHALT NOT BE LIKE LOGAN."*

THERE AIN'T NO REDEMPTION FOR ME...BUT THERE *IS* REVENGE.

THERE IS *REVENGE.*

ALL I NEED IS A SIGN, A SCENT--ANYTHING--AN' I'LL FOLLOW IT BACK TO THE MEN WHO PLAYED ME.

AN' THEN I'M GONNA START CUTTIN'...

J. EDGAR HOOVER BUILDING; WASHINGTON, D.C.

MR. PRESIDENT, I--WE--CAN'T EXPLAIN HOW IT HAPPENED, BUT WE CAN TELL YOU WHAT HAPPENED.

THAT'S A START...

ESSENTIALLY, THIS THING WASN'T "CUT"...IT WAS SPLICED.

AT THE MOLECULAR LEVEL.

THAT'S WHAT WE KNOW...WHAT WE CAN'T FIGURE OUT IS HOW THIS WAS ACCOMPLISHED, ESPECIALLY WITH THE DENSITY OF THE ROBOT'S OUTER HULL.

WE ARE WORKING ON A THEORY, HOWEVER, THAT THE INSTRUMENT USED MIGHT BE SOME SORT OF PLASMIC FORM...BUT THAT, IN AND OF ITSELF, WOULDN'T MAKE ANY KIND OF CONVENTIONAL SENSE BECAUSE--

LET ME INTERRUPT YOU RIGHT THERE...

THIS IS SILVER SAMURAI, HEAD OF THE PRIME MINISTER OF JAPAN'S PERSONAL SECURITY CADRE--HE WAS PRESENT DURING WOLVERINE'S ATTACK IN TOKYO.

SAMURAI, IF YOU WOULD, PLEASE TELL DR. REDFORD HERE, WHAT YOU WERE TELLING US.

IT IS THE FABLED MURAMASA BLADE.

IT IS... THE ULTIMATE WEAPON.

A SWORD?

I'M SORRY, SIR, BUT THIS SOUNDS--

THE EVIDENCE LIES BEFORE YOU.

DO NOT DISHONOR YOURSELF, A LEARNED MAN, THROUGH FORCED IGNORANCE.

EXCUSE ME FOR A MOMENT, BUT...HOW DO YOU KNOW ALL OF THIS?

AND WHY ARE YOU TELLING US NOW?

I DID NOT TELL ANYONE BECAUSE, FOR CENTURIES, IT HAS BEEN THE DISTINGUISHED HONOR OF MY FAMILY TO ACT AS KEEPERS OF THE SECRETS OF THE OLD WORLD. LOGAN KNEW THIS, AND SO SOUGHT ME OUT...FINDING ME IN TOKYO.

LOGAN WANTED TO KNOW IF ANYONE ELSE KNEW OF THE EXISTENCE OF THE BLADE. AS IT IS MY DUTY AND MY HONOR TO DO SO... I REFUSED TO ANSWER HIS QUERIES.

EDO CASTLE; TOKYO, JAPAN.

HOWEVER, AS YOU CAN SEE, LOGAN WOULD NOT ACCEPT MY REFUSAL.

THEREFORE, TO SAVE FACE AND TO PRESERVE THE HONOR OF MY ANCESTORS, I INSTEAD PROVIDED LOGAN WITH INFORMATION THAT I WAS NOT BOUND BY OATH TO KEEP HIDDEN.

IN EXCHANGE, LOGAN SPARED MY LIFE...AND FOR THAT, I AM IN HIS DEBT.

WHICH LEADS ME TO YOUR SECOND QUESTION:

I AM TELLING YOU ALL OF THIS NOW BECAUSE LOGAN WANTED ME TO.

HE WANTS YOU TO KNOW...

...THAT HE IS COMING.

THIS IS...THIS IS BAD...

WE NEED TO RECALL THE MISSION, GET A NEW PLAN TO--

I'M SORRY, SIR... BUT THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE.

"THE MISSION IS ALREADY UNDERWAY."

QUANG NGAI PROVINCE, SOUTH VIETNAM

YEAH...

...THAT OUGHTTA DO IT.

UH-OH...LOOKS LIKE I NEED A *RE-SUPPLY.*

〈I WILL SOON RETURN.〉

〈YOU BOYS HAVE FUN.〉

I COOK YOU NOW, JOE...

ZZZZZZ NNNNAAAAAH!!

US ARM

NO VEE-SEE!

NO VEE-SEE!

THAT'S RIGHT, MAMA-SAN...

US ARMY

...YOU JUST KEEP *SAYIN'* THAT.

‹AGAIN! AGAIN!›

ZZZZZZZZZZZTTT-TIK!
‹YES, VERY GOOD!›
MMMMMMMMMMM
‹IS HE DEAD?›

MMMMMM

AAIEEE!
KNNNNNNNT!

YYAAAAHH!

SHUKK!

BZZZT-ZZZZT! TUK!

RRRAAAAAAAHHHH--!

KZZT-ZZ; POP; POP-POP; POP

CHANK!

HHAH!

〈DIE! DIE, AMERICAN PIG!〉

CHOKK!

YYYAAAAAAHHH!

NANN-ANN-ANN-ANN!
KAKK-AKK-AKK-AKK!

FWUMP!

FWUMP!

NO VEE-SEE!

NO VEE-SEE! NO VEE-SEE!

BOOM BOOM BOOM BOOM

ATTABOY...

SIC 'EM.

AT FIRST, I WAS JUST THEIR *ATTACK DOG.*

BUT AS THE YEARS WENT ON, THEY FOUND A BETTER USE FOR ME:

DOG *HANDLER.*

I IMPLANTED *TRIGGERS.* I STRIPPED AWAY MEN'S *HUMANITY.* I WOUND 'EM UP SO TIGHT THAT THEY'D ACT WITHOUT THINKING... WITHOUT *QUESTIONING.*

AFTER THAT, *ALL* THEY NEEDED WAS DIRECTION.

AN' THAT'S WHAT I'M SCANNIN' FOR NOW-- *DIRECTIONS.*

...THE VIETNAMESE VILLAGE OF LAI CHI.

ONCE AGAIN, FOX NEWS IS RECEIVING WORD THAT, DURING THE NIGHT, A SMALL VIETNAMESE VILLAGE WAS THE SITE OF A BRUTAL ATTACK BY PARTIES UNKNOWN AT THIS TIME.

AS SOME OF OUR OLDER VIEWERS MAY REMEMBER, THIS IS THE SAME VILLAGE WHERE, IN 1968, DURING THE VIETNAM WAR, AMERICAN SOLDIERS SLAUGHTERED HUNDREDS OF INNOCENT CIVILIANS IN WHAT BECAME KNOWN AS THE "LAI CHI MASSACRE."

CHINA
VIETNAM
LAOS
THAILAND
CAMBODIA

I WAS HOPIN' TO INTERCEPT A PLAYER IN THE FIELD AN' THEN FOLLOW THE TRACKS BACK TO THEIR HANDLER, THEN TO THE HANDLER'S HANDLER.

OBVIOUSLY, THEY *SAW* THAT COMIN'.

THEY'RE GIVIN' ME JUST WHAT I WANT. PUSHIN' ME TO *EXPOSE* MYSELF--AN' THEY'LL KEEP PUSHIN', BODY COUNT BE DAMNED.

IF I DON'T ACT, ALL THE BLOOD THAT'S SPILLED WILL BE ON *MY* HANDS.

AN' I CAN'T TAKE THAT.

BEEP! BEEP! BEEP! BEEP! BEEP!

I'LL CATCH UP--I HAVE TO TAKE THIS.

IS THIS LINE *SECURE?*

OF COURSE.

I DID EVERYTHING YOU SAID... *EVERYTHING.*

I CAN'T BELIEVE THE NEWS CHANNELS *WENT* FOR IT--

WHAT'S *RELEVANT* IS WHETHER OR NOT *LOGAN* "WENT FOR IT."

UH, YEAH... I GUESS YOU'RE RIGHT.

SO...AM I *DONE?* OR-- OR DO YOU NEED ANYTHING ELSE--?

OH, I'M SURE I WILL.

OKAY, WELL...I'D BE HAPPY TO HELP OUT WHEN I *CAN--*

YOU WILL HELP ME WHEN I *WANT* YOU TO HELP ME, WHETHER IT MAKES YOU HAPPY OR NOT.

BECAUSE YOU ARE MINE, TREVOR.

FROM NOW UNTIL THE DAY YOU DIE.

"*REALLY*, TREVOR... WHAT MADE YOU THINK *YOU'D* BE ANY DIFFERENT THAN *ANYONE ELSE*?

"DID YOU THINK THAT I WOULD SHOW *MERCY*?

"THERE ARE THOSE THAT HAVE DONE FAR MORE THAN YOU TO AID ME IN MY CAUSE...

"...THERE ARE THOSE WHO HAVE GIVEN *EVERYTHING*-- THEIR VERY *SOULS*.

"DID I SHOW *THEM* MERCY?

"NO, I DID *NOT*."

"OH, GOD..."

"NO, TREVOR... I AM *NOT* GOD.

"THERE IS NO GOD...AT LEAST, NOT HERE ON *EARTH*.

"...AND THERE ARE *DEVILS*."

"BUT THERE ARE *ANGELS*...

HEY, FRANK...

"AND I CONTROL THEM BOTH."

...REMEMBER *ME?*

CONTINUED